

*"The Isle located within the Sound was reached through treacherous reefs and provided us with a sanctuary from the bitter winds that pounded from the East. The northern beach was where we built our fortress, anchoring in the waters. ... The dark books, gold, and silver we placed in five water-tight treated mahogany chests. The men carried these chests 300 paces north of the Polaris window of the Fortress House and dropped them with a rope into the crevice therein."*

The diary ends suddenly in early 1691 with the author stuck in New Providence with his privateer associates, under some kind of threat from the governor. The last entry, in plain English, reads,

*"Bury me deep."*